Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes. *Enter Thisbie.*

*Thiſ.* O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with lime and haire knit now againe.

*Pyra.* I ſee a voice; now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby?*

*Thiſ.* My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

*Pir.* Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Limander*, am I truſty ſtill.

*Thiſ.* And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

*Pir.* Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true.

*Thiſ* As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

*Pir.* O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.

*Thiſ.* I kiſſe the wals hole, not your lips at all.

*Pir.* Wilt thou at *Ninnies* toomb meete me ſtraightway?

*Thiſ.* Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

*Wall.* Thus haue I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth goe.

*Du.* Now is the Moon vſed betweene the two neighbors.

*Deme.* No remedy, my Lord, when wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning.

*Dutch.* This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.

*Duke.* The beſt in this kinde are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

*Dutch.* It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

*Duke.* If wee imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Heere come two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lyon.

*Enter Lyon and Moone-ſhine.*

*Lyon.* You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle hearts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lyon rough, in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, as *Snug* the ioyner am





A Lyon fell, nor elſe no Lyons damme,
For if I ſhould, as Lyon come in ſtrife,
Into this place, t'were pitty on my life.

*Duke.* A very gentle beaſt, and of a good co

*Deme.* The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, tha

*Lyſ.* This Lyon is a very Fox for his valour.

*Duke.* True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.

*De.* Not ſo my Lord. For his valour cannot c
cretion; and the Fox carries the gooſe.

*Duke.* His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carr
For the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well; l
diſcretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

*Moon.* This lanthorne doth the horned Moo

*Deme.* He ſhould haue worne the hornes on

*Duk.* He is no creſcent, and his hornes are inu
in the circumference.

*Moone.* This lanthorne doth the horned Mo
My ſelfe, the man ith' Moone do ſeeme to be.

*Duke.* This is the greateſt error of all the re
ſhould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it
i'th Moone?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the cand
For you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe.

*Dutch.* I am weary of this Moone; would he

*Duke.* It appeares by his ſmall light of diſcret
is in the wane: but yet in curteſie, in all reaſon,
the time.

*Lyſand.* Proceed Moone.

*Moone.* All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, t
thorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone
buſh, my thorne buſh, and this dog, my dog.

*Deme.* Why all theſe ſhould bee in the Lan
they are in the Moone. But ſilence, heere come

*Enter Thisby.*

*Th.* This is old *Ninies* toomb: wher's my lou